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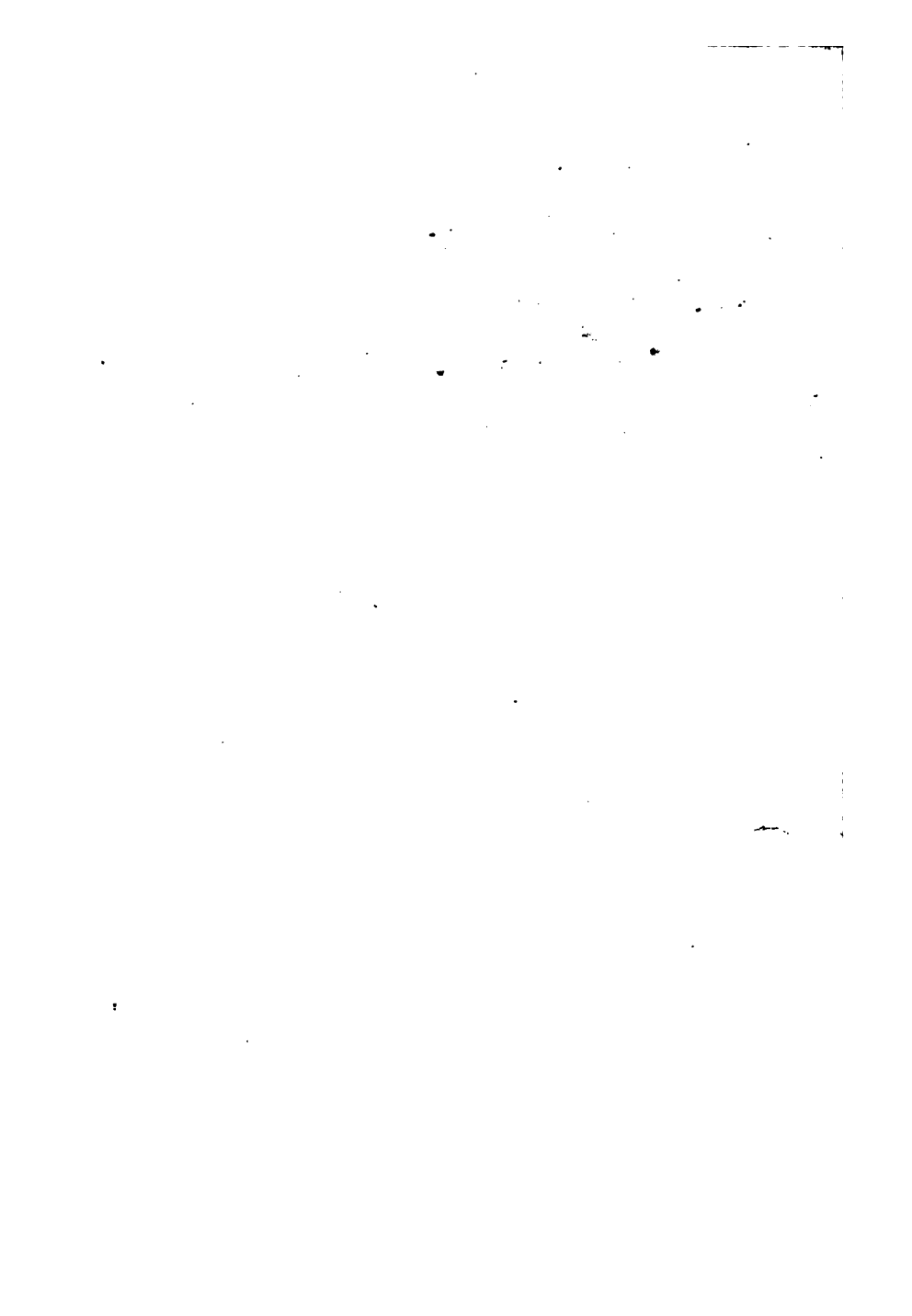
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Intermediate Education Course.

M I L T O N ' S
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO
AND LYCIDAS.

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Intermediate Education Course.

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO AND LYCIDAS:

EDITED,
WITH AN INTRODUCTION, PARAPHRASE, AND VOCABULARIES,

BY THE
REV. F. S. ALDHOUSE, M.A.,
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INTRODUCTION.

It is not my purpose to introduce a life of Milton or a sketch of his writings : such exist in great numbers, and at a cost which brings them within the reach of all. The object proposed in the following pages is to enable students of the most average, or even less than average, abilities to form a clear conception and an intelligent appreciation of the three little poems herein contained. With this view they have been translated, so to speak, into the plainest English prose, a brief analysis of each has been introduced, and every word that seemed to require explanation has received it. If some of these words should be thought too simple to need elucidation, I may be permitted to mention that most of them have been selected by a class of my own pupils as in every case suggesting difficulty to one or other of its members, and I have judged this a sufficiently accurate guide to justify me in placing the several words in the lists.

The three poems probably belong to the same period of Milton's life—viz.: the five years (1632-1637), after taking his M.A. Degree at Cambridge, during which he resided at his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. The

Lycidas was written at the close of the latter year, and the other two poems, though first published in 1645, are commonly referred to the same period. There is the same freshness of thought, and richness of imagination in all, while the studies in which these years of his life are believed to have been spent doubtless contributed to many of the allusions and parallels in word and sentiment to the ancient classic poets, without some knowledge of which it is difficult to understand or explain them.

The *Lycidas* was composed in memory of Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland. This young man had been an intimate friend of Milton at Cambridge, and was a Fellow of Christ's College, to which foundation Milton also belonged. Both had been intended for holy orders, and similarity of tastes and studies seems to have cemented their friendship. Young King was about four years younger than Milton, and was in his twenty-fifth year at the time of his death. While crossing from Chester to Dublin, the ship in which he was sailing went down with all on board. Several of his friends composed poems to his memory, and the *Lycidas* was Milton's contribution.

The Italian names of the other two poems, *L'Allegro* (The Cheerful Man), and *Il Penseroso* (The Melancholy Man), fitly expresses the subjects of the poems of which they are the titles: they resemble each other in their commencements and endings, and are cast on a somewhat similar plan throughout.

“Milton’s poetry,” says Dr. Channing, “though habitually serious, is always healthful, bright, and vigorous. It has no gloom. He took no pleasure in drawing dark pictures of life; for he knew by experience that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into an occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue. We find nowhere in his writings that whining sensibility and exaggeration of morbid feeling which makes so much of modern poetry effeminating. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His *L’Allegro* proves that he understood thoroughly the bright and joyous aspects of nature; and in his *Penseroso*, where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation are such as inspire pensive musing or lofty contemplation.”

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, DROGHEDA,
October 1879.

L'ALLEGRO.

ANALYSIS.

Begone ! dull Care, dark and gloomy as thy parents and thy birthplace : but come, Mirth, child of Freedom and Beauty, and bring all thy pleasant crew with thee, and let me join thy band, and live with thee for ever. Under thy guidance let me contemplate the happy scenes and pastimes of the country and the town. Especially let me enjoy in thy company the pursuit of Poetry and Music.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy ; 5
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come thou goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more 15
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee 25
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;

Begone! hateful Melancholy, child of Cerberus and dark Midnight, born in an odious, desolate cave, among hideous forms, and fearful cries, and infernal scenes. **Begone!** I say, and seek for thyself some frightful retreat, where the blackness of darkness reigns, and jealously excludes even a ray of light; where the raven of night sings its inharmonious song: there stay for ever under shades black as ebony; beneath beetling rocks, ragged and wild as thy own dishevelled hair; and in a desert never traversed by the sun.

But come! thou beautiful and graceful goddess, that makest the heart rejoice; thou that art called Euphrosyne in heaven, but Mirth among men. Some say that thy father was Bacchus, the god who wears the crown of ivy; and thy mother Venus, the goddess of beauty; and that thou art one of three Graces born at a birth. But others (and those more correctly) that thy father was the playful Zephyr, the wind that carries the spring on his breath; and that thy mother was Aurora, whom he met in the sweet month of May; and that thou wast born on beds of blue violets, and roses in fresh bloom heavily laden with the early dew. Thus they say thou didst come to light—a goddess of liveliness, and gaiety, and grace.

Come quickly, Nymph, and let the frolic and joyousness of youth attend thee, come with smart repartee and playful tricks; come with sportive nods and signs, and with the smiles that Hebe wears and that make dimples on the cheek; come with Fun that laughs at old Care with his wrinkles; and with Laughter hardly restrained and bursting to find vent.

Come all of you, dancing as you come: and bring also, Mirth, Liberty that nymph of the mountains, leading her with thy right hand;

And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbring Morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the ploughman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his sithe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers, and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eves. 80

and in return for my homage, let me also join thy band, and live in guileless pleasure with Liberty and thee. In your company let me listen to the early song of the lark as he rises into the sky, and with his note breaks the dull silence of the night as he soars aloft, singing on till the chequered dawn ushers in the day. Then, in spite of care, which I will abandon while I am with you, let me open my window surrounded by sweetbriars and vines and roses, and call 'good-morrow' through the lattice. Meanwhile the lingering shadows of the night will disperse before the crowing of the cock, as he proudly struts before the hens towards the rick or the barn-door. Sometimes let me pause to hear the baying of the hounds and the shrill blast of the huntsman's horn echoing through the deep wood from some frosty hill-side and waking the day with cheerful sounds. At others going farther abroad, in the full light of the opening day let me walk beside the tall trees across the rising ground which faces the East, from which the sun, surrounded by a crimson flush toning gradually into light amber, sets forth on his daily round and decks the clouds with a thousand hues in his course. The ploughman meanwhile is whistling as he takes his way across the furrowed land, the milkmaid is singing cheerily, the mower is sharpening his scythe, and the shepherd in the valley is counting his sheep before he drives them out to pasture for the day.

Such pleasures will be mine, and others also afforded by the view of the landscape ; plains and fallows of varied hue, where the flocks wander at large and browse on the herbage ; mountains bare of vegetation, which serve to attract the storm-laden clouds ; well-kept meadows where the verdure is diversified by daisies ; shallow brooks and wide rivers.

My eye will rest also on other beauties : it will see, standing far back among the thick foliage of trees, towers and battlements, within which perhaps some fair lady, the object of attraction of all around her, lives ;

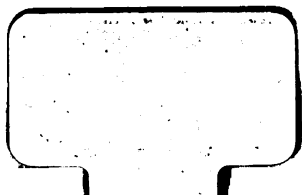
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks ;
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite ;
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail ;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat ;
 She was pincht and pull'd she sed ;
 And he by friars' lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblet sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set ;
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end.
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
 And stretcht out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towed cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.

while at no great distance the smoke from a cottage rising between two oaks will furnish a pleasing variety to the sight. There the farmer and his wife have met for the mid-day meal, consisting of herbs and other rude fare, skilfully cooked by their humble attendant, who, when she has completed these preparations, hurries forth, in company with her fellow-worker, to bind the sheaves, or if earlier in the season, to turn the hay in the meadow. Sometimes I will visit the country villages, and delight myself with listening to the merry peals of the bells, while the young people dance under the trees to the strains of the fiddle; where young and old flock out to spend the happy holiday as long as the light will let them linger, and then go home to drink ale and tell stories of ghosts and sprites—as how Queen Mab feasted, or how one was pinched and dragged about by the fairies because she was a tale-bearer, and how another, following the guidance of the Friar's lantern, saw Robin Goodfellow labouring to earn his bowl of cream, and doing as much corn-threshing in a night as ten men could not accomplish in a day; and how he saw the goblin, after earning his meal and enjoying it, go to sleep in front of the fire, and then hasten out of the house before cock-crowing well fed and satisfied. The stories ended, the simple villagers retire to rest, and the soft winds hush them to sleep.

Passing from these rural scenes I will enjoy the contemplation of lofty cities with their noisy streets, where nobles, their armour being laid aside, keep high revelry with crowds of fascinating ladies who decide who is best in wit and arms, while all vie with each other in courting the favour of the fairest.



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Here with all good auspices let many a marriage be celebrated, with its accompanying procession, and feast, and display—a sight such as a young poet might dream of, musing on a summer evening beside a dark stream.

Turning thence I will proceed to the theatre, and see a comedy by Johnson or Shakespear—the former learned and profound, the latter sweet and rich in imagination.

Nor must Poetry and Music be forgotten to drive dull care away. Let me listen with rapture to the best verse set to the softest strains; and let my soul be melted by quavers and shakes lengthening and varying the melody, while the voice joins the accompaniment, and with studied negligence brings out all the treasures of the richest harmony—harmony which might even break the divine slumber of Orpheus, and teach him how he might have won from Pluto his wife Eurydice unconditionally and without fear of losing her when half recovered.

Give me these pleasures, Mirth, and then I will never desert thy company.

IL PENSEROSO.

ANALYSIS.

Begone ! foolish Pleasures—light and transitory ; but come, divine Melancholy, accompanied by all thy holy train. By night let me contemplate with thee the Moon, and listen to the plaintive lay of her songstress, the Nightingale ; or let me sit in some dark chamber and meditate on philosophy and tragedy and the music of the past. By day let me hide from the light in the deep recesses of a forest, and listen to the hum of bees and murmur of water, till I fall asleep and dream of mysteries. Especially let me court the solemn service of the cathedral. And when I am old let me become a hermit and study astronomy and botany.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ; 5
Dwell in some idle brain ;
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight ;
And therefore to our weaker view, 15
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem ;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above 20
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended ;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25
Such mixture was not held a stain) ;

Begone ! ye mocking Pleasures, bred of folly alone ; how useless you are, and how unable to satisfy with your tinsel the minds of any but the inconstant and the fickle ! Go, dwell in some idle brain, and possess foolish fancies and gaudy appearances, as countless as the motes in the sun-beams, and very like the baseless dreams which sleep brings as his attendants.

But come ! thou wise and sainted goddess, Melancholy, too divine to be looked on by mortal eye, and therefore to suit our feeble sight assuming a black appearance ; but still so beautiful as to rival the sister of Memnon, or the queen of Ethiopia (afterwards made a constellation), who offended the sea-nymphs by boasting that she was fairer than they. But thy descent is far nobler, for thy mother Vesta bare thee long years ago to her father Saturn when he was sole sovereign of the sky. She was his daughter ; but such alliance was not then unholy ;

Oft in glimmering bow'rs, and glades
 He met her ; and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypres lawn, 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With ev'n step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak : 60
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee chauntress oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathless way ; 70

and oft he sought her company in bower, and glade, and grove. In those early days Saturn had no fear that Jove would arise to expel him from his kingdom.

Come, thou pure grave Nun, thoughtful, and calm, and holy; come in a robe of deepest black with flowing train, and with a shawl of crape thrown around thy graceful shoulders; come, but let no haste disturb the dignity of thy bearing; come slowly and with deep thought stamped on thy face, and with contemplation in thy look; come with the abstracted air of one inspired and holding converse with heaven; let paleness overspread thy face; forget the world; yea even forget thyself; till, slowly returning to the thought of human affairs, thine eyes droop heavily and become riveted on the ground not less firmly than they were before riveted on the sky.

Bring with thee Peace, and Quiet, and self-denying Fast, often a guest at the tables of the gods, and privileged to hear the Muses sing round the altars of Jove. Bring also Leisure who courts seclusion and loves to wander in well-kept gardens; but above all bring Contemplation, that celestial spirit with golden wings who guides the throne with fiery wheels; and bring mute Silence also, unless the Nightingale will deign to break it and charm the darkness of the night with one of her sweetest and most pensive lays, while the Moon even stays her team to listen above the oak which the sweet bird frequents, far away from the busy hum of foolish men. O Nightingale, thou plaintive songstress, often do I wander in the woods in the evening in hope of hearing thee, and if I fail to meet thee, I walk in solitude on the smooth grass and watch the Moon at midnight in her course appearing and disappearing as the clouds pass over her, and wandering across the sky as if she had lost her way in the boundless expanse of heaven.

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes ; or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those dæmons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as warbled to the string
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass

Often on some rising ground I catch the distant sound of the curfew bell, its dull echo coming across the stream. Or if the weather should not permit me to walk abroad I retire to a remote part of the house where the scanty fire-light just makes darkness visible, far away from the sounds of mirth, except that of the cricket, or the sleepy tinkle of the bell which the watchman carries round to protect the houses from harm, while he shouts a blessing as he passes on. Or let me sit at midnight in some lonely tower whence I may watch the sky till returning day makes the Bear disappear—even as old Hermes, surnamed “thrice-great,” used to do. Or let me summon from the other world the spirit of Plato, to tell what worlds or regions disembodied souls inhabit, and which of the demons residing in earth, air, fire and water, find special field for the exercise of their power in the planets, and which find it in the elements in which they dwell. Again, I would gaze on the stately Tragedy with her robe and sceptre, representing the stories of Thebes, or of the family of Pelops, or of Troy; or such modern subjects as, though few, have adorned the tragic stage in recent times.

But would that thou, O Melancholy, wouldst raise again to life Musæus; or call up Orpheus to sing such strains as those which made Pluto weep and wrung from Hell the request of Love; or restore to life Chaucer who left unfinished the wondrous tale of Cambuscan and his sons, and his daughter and her wonder-working ring and mirror, and the Tartar King's brazen horse;

On which the Tartar king did ride ; 115
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung ;
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear ;
 Not trickt and frounc't, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud ;
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye ;
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such concert as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloisters pale ;
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,

or bring back those other great poets who have sung of tournaments and triumphs, of wild woods and mystic spells, and have suggested even more than they have described.

In such musings may Night often see me engaged, till Morn in sombre colours appears—not decked out in gaudy array as when in days of old she hunted with Cephalus the Attic youth, but gravely habited in a becoming cloud and attended by a whistling wind, or ushered in with a soft shower after the gale is over, ending with heavy drops at intervals from the eaves on to the leaves below. And when the bright sun arises, bring me, O divine Melancholy, to walk in groves where the thick foliage overhead admits but glimmering light, or under the dark shadows (dear to the woodland god) of pines or time-honoured oaks, where sound of axe has never been heard to frighten the Nymphs from their sacred retreat. There in some sequestered spot, beside a stream, hide me from the eyes of men and from the light of day, while the buzz of the busy bee and the monotonous murmur of the water lull me in balmy sleep; and then let some wondrous dream, wafted on the wings of Morpheus through the air, softly steal over my senses and enchant me with its bright vision; then when I awake, let me hear around me on every side sweet music sent to good people by some spirit, or by the genius of the wood.

And let me never omit to frequent the courts of the cathedral, with its high-arched cloister and ancient pillars that support the massive roof,

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting' a dim religious light. 160
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear.
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell 170
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give, 175
And I with thee will choose to live.

and windows finely carved and decorated, through whose coloured panes a dim light suitable to the holy place steals in. There let me listen to the service chanted, and anthem sung by the choir to the accompaniment of the organ, till the divine melody transports my soul and brings it into close communion with heaven.

And when at last age creeps on, let me become a hermit, and sit clad in coarse garb in my cell, and study the motions of the stars and the nature of the wild plants that grow around ; till by long habit of observation I learn to forecast events and become almost a prophet.

Give me these pleasures, Melancholy, and then I will live with thee for ever.

LYCIDAS.*

ANALYSIS.

Alas! poor Lycidas, the peerless young poet is dead, and I must not leave him in his watery grave without a tear, or without an elegy; for we were companions in the studies of Cambridge (which now deplores his loss), and followed the same pursuits. But what a sad change his death has caused! Why did not the Nymphs save him? Alas! they could not. I would have renounced poetry and fame when I heard of his fate, had not Phoebus stilled my repinings. There was no wind on the waves when he went down. He could ill be spared; his life was more precious than that of many who seek from base motives the profession which he would have adorned! Let every flower be scattered on his grave. Alas! I dream; for his grave is in the ocean or on the strand.

But his soul has risen, and he is now enjoying the blessed society of the saints above; so let us dry our eyes and weep no more.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer: 10
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn; 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

* Milton's own title of the poem was "*Lycidas*." In this monody the author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.

Again, ye laurels, and ye brown myrtles, and thou evergreen ivy, I come to gather your berries before they are ripe, and to tear away with ruthless hands your leaves before the proper time for them to fall : but I am compelled by sad necessity thus prematurely to disturb you, because young Lycidas has died before his prime, and we shall not look upon his like again. Who would deny him the tribute of poetry ?—poetry which he himself knew how to compose so well. He must not be left in the waves, to be tossed about by the winds, without having a tearful dirge composed in his honour.

Come then, ye Muses, who dwell by the fount that rises at the foot of the habitation of Jove, and begin your loud and plaintive lay : I will take no excuse from you and no refusal. So may some kind poet sing strains of good omen at my grave, and turn towards my tomb as he passes by, and say 'Peace be unto it.' For Lycidas and I received our education together, studied the same subjects, applied ourselves to work

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove afield; and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning, bright, 30
 Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
 And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
 But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that the gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream: 55
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there . . . for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
 Whom universal Nature did lament; 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,

in company before sunrise, laboured together at noon, and often too from the beginning of evening till the dead of night, composing side by side our simple rustic verses—verses which charmed our seniors, and brought many listeners around us.

But what a change, since now thou art gone from me for ever ! The shepherds weep for thee, the woods mourn for thee, and so do the caves grown over with wild thyme and trailing vines, and their echoes swell the sounds of lamentation for the loss. No more shall thy music resound through the copses, and make the leaves dance in unison with its strains. Thy loss, Lycidas, is as fatal to the shepherds as the worm is to the rose, as the taint-worm to the flocks, or as frost to the early blossoming flowers.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when your Lycidas was drowned, that ye did not save him ? You were not on the height where the Druids lie buried, nor on the rugged steep of Anglesea, nor beside the banks of the sacred Dee. Alas ! I am but dreaming : for what could you have done if you had been there ? What could Calliope herself do for her own son Orpheus (for whom all the world wept and mourned) when the brutal mob with savage shrieks hurled his blood-stained head into the Hebrus to float across to the Lesbian shore ? Alas ! when things are so, what is to be gained by devoting oneself to pastoral pursuits and to the ungrateful muse ? Surely it were better to do as others do, and

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind),
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And slits the thin-spun life. ' But not the praise.'
 Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies ; 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.'
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory ;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings ;
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 ' Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?'
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)

spend one's time in light and trivial pastimes. The love of Fame, which is the weakness that even the noble retain longer than any other, has often urged illustrious souls to sacrifice pleasure, and spend their days in toil ; but, just as we expect the reward and look for glory, Fate with her detestable scissors cuts the thread of life.

Here as I mused in peevish strain Phœbus plucked my ear, and told me not to grumble and repine. "Fate," he said, "may take away life, but cannot take away praise and honour. Fame, in the proper sense, does not exist on earth, and has no part in the tinsel and vain repute by which men set store, but it lives above, and is awarded by the far-seeing judgment of Jove. As he at last pronounces sentence on us, so will fame be accorded to us in the kingdom of heaven."

O fountain Arethusa, and gently flowing Mincius, those words were words of sublime philosophy and consolation : but I must descend to a humbler strain, and listen in fancy to the words of Triton who was sent by Neptune to investigate the calamity ; he demanded of the waves and the ruthless winds the cause of the death of the gentle Lycidas, and examined every wild blast that blows from every projecting headland : but they could give no account, and Æolus, their god and spokesman reported that all the winds were in safe custody at the time, that the air was calm, and that Panope and her sister Nereids were sporting on the unruffled surface of the sea. No, they said, it was the ill-fated ship, built under every inauspicious omen, that laid the poet low.

Next came old Cam, with slow and sedate step befitting his age, having figures indistinct by reason of antiquity worked on his rough robe, and on his head-dress made of flags ; on its edge were inscribed too, as on the hyacinth, characters expressive of woe. 'Alas !' he exclaimed, 'who has taken my dearest son away ?'

Last of all to come and go was Saint Peter, the pilot of the lake of Galilee : he carried with him two keys (one of gold which opens, the other of iron which shuts),

He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake :
 ' How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies' sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold ? 115
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheephook, or have learn'd aught else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed ;
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw thither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine ;
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas

and shaking his hair, which escaped from beneath his mitre, he spoke in severe tones :—"I could well have given up to save thee, young swain, numbers of those who creep into the Church's fold for the sake of gain, who care for nothing but to struggle for filthy lucre, and push into the place which worthier men ought to fill. Blind they are, and devoted to their appetites, and ignorant of the first elements of the faithful shepherd's art. What do they care, and what do they need? They have their reward. Whenever they please they tune their contemptible songs on their mean and discordant pipes; the poor sheep look up to them for food, but finding none but wind and mist, they rot and spread disease through the whole of the flock. The wolf too steals in without being remarked, and devours many. But the two-edged sword is already uplifted, and ready with one blow to smite down the false traitors."

Flow on again, Alpheus, in full tide, for the voice that made thee shrink in terror is past. Come back, Sicilian Muse, and bid the vales cast here their blue-bells and flowers of many colours: yes, let those vales—where dwell the whispers of shade, and wind, and water, and where the fresh flowers are seldom withered by the burning dog-star—cast here their manifold blossoms that draw sweet moisture from the turf, and that deck the earth with the hues of spring; bring the gay primrose that dies in solitude, the matted crow-foot, the pale jessamine, the white pink, the black-spotted pansy, the richly-flushed violet, the musk rose, the graceful woodbine, the humble cowslip, and every dark-fringed flower: let *Amaranthus* scatter his bloom, and let the lilly fill its cups with tears to shed on the laurel-decked bier of *Lycidas*.

Thus let me muse and find a little respite from my grief, even though the fancy is false, and thou art dashed from shore to shore and wave to

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd ; 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deni'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos, and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more ; 165
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed ;
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves ;
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense ; and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

wave ; perhaps beyond the Hebrides thou art carried below the sea to the abode of monsters, or perhaps thou retest by the old historic Land's End, where the Archangel from his fortified mount looks towards the coast of Spain. Nay, look not abroad, Saint Michael, but look homeward, and weep with pity : and, O ye dolphins, bring poor Lycidas (even as ye brought Arion) to his home.

Dry your tears, mourning shepherds, for he whom you mourn is not dead : he has sunk in the ocean as the sun sinks, but as the sun rises with new brightness in the morning, so Lycidas has risen through the loving power of his Saviour to that blessed kingdom of joy and love where, amidst far different groves and streams from those of earth, he washes away the miry stains from his locks in nectar, and hears the bridal song that cannot be uttered by mortal lips. There may the saints who sing their songs of praise receive him in holy conclave, and wipe away all tears for ever from his eyes. Now, Lycidas, the shepherds have ceased to weep : thou art largely recompensed by being made the genius of the shore ; be propitious to those in peril in that sea.

Thus sang the humble swain, varying his tune rapidly to suit his changing theme : he sang or from morn till evening, till the sun had completed his course, and set in the western waves. At length he rose, and gathering his blue mantle round him, prepared for fresh scenes on the morrow.

7

1

VOCABULARIES.

Abbreviations.

Phil.—Philippians.
Rev.—Revelation.
Rom.—Romans.
Sam.—Samuel.
St. Matth.—St. Matthew.
Zech.—Zechariah.

A.P.—Ars Poetica.
Æn.—Ænead.
C.—Carmina.
Ecl.—Eclogæ.
Ep.—Epistles.
Eur.—Euripides.
Fast.—Fasti.
Georg.—Georgics.
Hec.—Hecuba.

Her.—Herodotus.
Hom.—Homer.
Hor.—Horace.
Il.—Iliad.
Jug.—Jugurtha.
Juv.—Juvenal.
Lit.—Literally.
Met.—Metamorphosis.
Od.—Odyssey.
Pers.—Persius.
Prol.—Prologue.
Rep.—Republic.
Sall.—Sallust.
Thuc.—Thucydides.
Trist.—Tristia.
Virg.—Virgil.

L'ALLEGRO.

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|-------------------|--|
| 1. Loathed, | Hated, detested, abhorred. |
| 2. Cerberus, | The three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the shades below. (Virg. Æn. vi. 417.) |
| 3. Stygian, | Of the Styx; this was one of the rivers of Hell. The word Styx means 'the hateful,' or 'the detestable.' |
| 5. Uncouth, | Noisome. |
| 6. Brooding, | Hovering over, lowering. |
| Jealous, | Envious. |
| 8. Ebon, | Dark, black, like ebony. |
| 10. Cimmerian, | So called from the Cimmerii, a fabled people dwelling by the ocean in perpetual darkness. (Hom. Od. xi. 14.) |
| 12. Yclept, | Called, named. |
| Euphrosyne, | One of the Graces, her sisters (line 15) were Aglaia and Thalia. |
| 13. Heart-easing, | Giving ease or relief to the heart. |

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| 14. Venus, | The goddess of beauty. |
| 16. Bacchus, | The god of wine. |
| 17. Sager, | More sage, more wise. |
| 18. Frolic, | Lightsome, airy, sportive. |
| 19. Zephyr, | The west wind personified. |
| 21. a-Maying, | Otherwise called Eos, the goddess of dawn. |
| 24. Buxom, | Gathering flowers on May morning. |
| Debonair, | Lively, gay, pleasant. |
| 27. Quips, | Well-bred, polite, gracious, courteous. |
| Cranks, | Jests, witticisms. |
| 28. Becks, | Sarcasms. |
| 29. Hebe, | Signs with the hand or with the head. |
| 33. Trip it, | The goddess of youth. |
| 34. Fantastic, | Step lightly. |
| | (Lit.) capricious : changeable, often changed, varying. |
| 38. Crew, | Company. |
| 40. Unreproved | Blameless, innocent. |
| 44. Dappled, | Chequered, variegated. |
| 48. Eglantine, | A plant (variously explained as) the sweetbriar, a kind of small rose, woodbine. |
| 52. Stoutly, | Boldly. |
| 54. Cheerly, | Cheerily, cheerfully. |
| 55. Hoar, | Gray, white with frost. |
| 62. Dight, | Decked (II Penseroso, 159). |
| 65. Blithe, | Gaily, merrily. |
| 67. Tells his tale, | Counts his number (of sheep). |
| 70. Landscape, | The prospect of the expanse of country. |
| 71. Russet, | Reddish brown. |
| Fallows, | Lands left uncultivated. |
| 72. Nibbling, | Browsing. |
| 75. Pied, | Diversified. |
| 78. Tufted, | Growing in groups or clusters. |
| 80. Cynosure, | The constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear; by this the Phœnician sailors steered their course (Ovid Fast. iii. 107). |
| 83. Corydon and
Thyrsis, | Names of country peasants taken from Virgil : so also Phillis and Thestylis. |
| 87. Bower, | (II Penseroso 104). |
| 91. Secure, | Careless, free from care (<i>sine cura</i>) Cf. Hor. C. i. 26, 6 ; Ep. ii. 1. 176 ; Judges viii. 11. |
| 95. Rebeck, | A kind of violin or fiddle. |
| 96. Chequer'd, | Alternate light and shade produced by the leaves of the trees. |
| 98. Sunshine, | Bright, happy. |
| 99. Live-long, | Cf. Hom. II. i. 472. |
| 102. Faery Mab, | Romeo and Juliet i. 4. |
| Junkets, | Creams, sweet-meats. |

104. Friar's, Alluding to Friar Rush, who was said to haunt houses.
110. Lubbar, Awkward, clumsy.
112. Hairy strength, Cf. Hom. Il. i. 189; ii. 851.
113. Crop-full, Crammed.
120. Weeds, Garb, dress.
- Triumphs, Pomps, displays, spectacles.
121. Store, Plenty, abundance.
122. Rain, Pour, shed.
- Influence, Ascendancy. (Lit. the power which *flows in* from the stars, so specially appropriate to the power of 'bright eyes'.)
125. Hymen, The god of marriage. (Virg. *Æn.* i. 127.)
126. Saffron, Yellow.
127. Pomp, Procession.
128. Antique, Ancient, old-fashioned.
- Pageantry, Display, show.
130. Eves, Evenings.
132. Johnson, Ben Johnson (born 1574—died 1637), the author of comedies, &c. (Il Penseroso, 102.)
- Sock, (Il Penseroso, 102.)
133. Shakespear, The allusion is to the *comedies* of the poet.
- Fancy, Imagination, romance.
135. Eating, Cf. Hor. C. i. 18, 4; ii. 11. 18.
136. Lydian, The softest of the ancient modes in music (Plato. Rep. 398 E.) The other two were the Dorian and the Phrygian.
137. Married, Wedded, joined.
- Immortal, Cf. Hor. C. iii. 30, 1-8.
139. Bout, Twist, turn, variation.
141. Wanton heed, } Studied affectation of negligence.
- Giddy cunning, }
142. Mazes, Intricate turns or windings.
145. Heave, Lift, raise.
146. Golden, Happy, precious, beautiful.
147. Elysian, The Elysian fields were the abode of the blessed after death.
150. Half-regained, See Ovid. Met. x. 57.
- Eurydice, (Il Penseroso 105.)

IL PENSEROSO.

3. Bested, Assist, profit.
 4. Fixed, *Cf.* Hor. C. iii. 3, 4.
 Toys, Trifles.
 6. Fond, Foolish.
 8. Motes, Small particles of matter.
 9. Likest, Very like.
 Hovering, *Cf.* Hom. Il. ii. 20; Her. vii. 17; Eur. Hec. 31.
 10. Fickle, Unfixed, fluctuating, airy.
 Pensioners, Attendants.
 Morpheus, The god of sleep; son of Somnus.
 13. Visage, Countenance.
 Too bright, *Cf.* Hor. C. i. 19, 8.
 14. To hit, To touch, to light upon.
 15. Staid, Steady, sober, grave.
 18. Memnon, Son of Tithonus and Eos (Aurora); leader of the Ethiopians who went to the aid of Priam in the Trojan war. He was killed by Achilles, after himself killing Nestor's son, Antilochus. (See Hom. Od. xi. 522.)
- Beseem, Become.
 19. Starr'd, Changed into a group of stars.
 Ethiop Queen, Cassiope, wife of Cepheus and mother of Andromeda. She boasted herself to be fairer than the Nereids, and in revenge for this a sea monster was sent by Neptune to ravage the coasts of Ethiopia. To appease the monster, Andromeda was exposed to be devoured by him, but was rescued by Perseus. Cassiope became a constellation consisting of thirteen stars.
21. Powers, *Cf.* Virg. Æn. i. 8.
 23. Vesta, Daughter of Saturn and Rhea; goddess of fire and of the hearth (Virg. Æn. ii. 296).
 Of yore, Of ancient time.
 24. Saturn, Father of the gods. For a description of his reign (or in other words of the 'golden age'), see Virg. Æn. viii. 319-325.
 26. Mixture, Connexion.
 29. Ida, There were two mountains of this name—one near Troy, the other in Crete. The reference here is to the latter.
32. Demure, Modest, retiring. *Cf.* Virg. Æn. i. 561.
 33. Grain, Shade, colour.
 35. Stole, Shawl, hood.

- Cipres lawn,
 36. Decent, Fine linen, (perhaps) crape.
 Comely, becoming, graceful, fair. *Cf.* Hor. C.
 iii. 27, 53.
39. Commercing, Agreeing, holding intercourse with.
40. Rapt, Inspired, transported. *Cf.* 'Rapt into future
 years' [Pope's Messiah, line 7].
42. Marble, Paleness. The line=Lose thy memory of self,
 and merge thyself into the paleness and life-
 lessness of a marble statue.
46. Diet, To take food.
48. Aye, Always, ever.
50. Trim, Neat, well-kept, well-arranged.
- 52-54. These lines probably have reference to the
 visions of Ezekiel (chaps. i. and x.)
55. Hist, Bring noiselessly.
56. 'Less, Unless.
56. Philomel, The nightingale. For the story of how Philo-
 mela was turned into a nightingale, see Ovid.
 Met. vi. 587-676.
57. Plight, State, condition.
59. Cynthia, Diana: the Moon. The name was given to
 Diana from Cynthus, a mountain in Delos,
 where she was said to have been born.
63. Chauntress, Songstress.
64. Woo, To court, to sue.
65. Missing, Failing to meet.
66. Green, Sward, turf.
76. Sullen, Gloomy, dull-sounding, hoarse.
78. Removed, Remote.
80. Counterfeit, To imitate, to feign.
84. Nightly, By night. *Cf.* Virg. Georg. iii. 538; Hor.
 A. P. 269.
87. Out-watch, Watch till the Bear disappears—*i.e.*, till day-
 break, as the Bear does not set.
88. Hermes, Not the god so called, but Hermes surnamed
 Trismegistus ("thrice-great"), an Egyptian
 philosopher and priest.
- Unsphere, (Lit.) To remove from its orbit: to transfer from
 his position in the other world.
89. Plato, The famous Athenian philosopher. The doc-
 trine referred to here is that which is pro-
 pounded in the *Phædo*.
92. Mansion, Dwelling-place.
- Nook, Corner, abode.
93. Dæmons, Disembodied spirits.
95. Consent, Accord, harmony.
98. In scepter'd pall, With sceptre and robe.
99. Presenting, Representing, exhibiting.

- Thebes, The capital of Bœtia. The reference is to the tragedies of which it was the scene, or from which the incidents were derived.
- Pelops' line, The descendants of Pelops. The history of the family of Pelops also furnished subjects for many tragedies.
100. Troy, The allusion is to the Trojan war and its consequences, which were full of tragic incidents.
102. Buskin'd, Tragic. (The actors of tragedy anciently wore high shoes called buskins; a lower shoe was worn by comic actors, called a *sock*.)
104. Musæus, Son of Orpheus. His eminent position in the 'bower' of the blessed is mentioned in Virg. *Æn.* vi. 667.
- Bower, Abode, retreat.
105. Orpheus, The allusion is to the well-known story of the visit of the Thracian poet to the shades below to recover his wife Eurydice.
106. Warbled, (Being) sung.
107. Iron tears, Such as would be wrung from the iron or stern nature of Pluto.
- Pluto, The god of the infernal regions.
- 110-117. The references are to Chaucer—*The Squire's Tale*.
118. Turneys, Tourneys, tournaments.
121. Civil-suited, (Lit.) Dressed quietly and gravely, as becomes a citizen.
123. Trickt, Dressed out in gaudy colours.
- Frounc't, Having the hair frizzled or curled.
124. Attic boy, Cephalus. Aurora carried him away, but he rejected her suit.
125. Kercheft, Having the head wrapped (in a cloud).
127. Usher'd, Introduced, brought in.
- Still, Quiet, calm, gentle.
130. Minute, Falling minute by minute, or at short intervals of time.
134. Sylvan, Sylvanus, the god of the woods.
135. Monumental, Preserving the memory of bye-gone times.
139. Covert, Thicket.
140. Profaner, Profane. (Substantive used as adjective. Cf. Sall. Jug. 64.—*contemptor animus*.) Or it may be comparative of 'profane'—used in the classical way for 'too profane.'
141. Garish, Flaunting, gaudy.
145. Consort, Concert (which is another reading).
148. Airy, Of air.
149. Portraiture, Representation in colours.
154. Genius, The presiding spirit.

155. Due, Owed, that *ought* to be present. Cf. Hor. C. ii. 6, 23; Virg. *Æn.* viii. 375, and xi. 759.
156. Studious, Connected with studies. Alluding to schools and other places of learning often connected with cathedral foundations.
- Pale, Boundary, enclosure.
157. Embowed, Arched.
158. Antique, Antiquated, ancient.
- Massy-proof, Able to support the heavy weight of the roof.
159. Storied, Decorated with historical pictures.
- Dight, Decked, adorned.
165. Ecstasies, Transports, raptures.
169. Hairy, Of coarse texture. Cf. 2 Kings i. 8.; Zech. xiii. 4.; St. Matth. iii. 4.
170. Spell, Divine, make observation.

LYCIDAS.

2. Brown, Cf. Hor. C. i. 25, 18.
- Never-sere, Ever-green.
3. Crude, Unripe.
5. Shatter, Scatter.
5. Mellowing, Ripening.
6. Constraint, Compulsion, necessity.
7. Due, Fit, proper.
8. Lycidas, See the introduction.
- Ere his prime, Cf. Virg. *Æn.* vi. 869.
9. Peer, Equal (Lat. *par.*)
10. He knew to sing, (A Latin idiom. Cf. Juv. iv. 142.)
11. Build, Cf. Hor. Ep. i. 3, 24; Lucretius v. 2.
13. Welter, Roll, drift.
14. Meed, Present, reward, recompense, honour, tribute.
15. Sisters, The Muses.
- Sacred well, The fountain Hippocrene which flowed from the foot of Mount Helicon, on which was an altar to Jupiter. Pers. Prol. 1.
17. Somewhat, Rather, with considerable (loudness).
18. Coy, Reserved, retiring.
19. Muse, Poet, bard.
20. Lucky, Of good omen, auspicious.
- Destin'd, Fated, prepared.
22. Sable shroud, Dark resting-place or grave.
23. Hill, Cambridge.

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| 25. Lawns, | Plains between woods ; (perhaps merely) lands. |
| 26. Opening eyelids, | Early dawn. |
| 27. Drove, | (Understand) <i>them</i> ; that is, our flocks. |
| 28. What time, | When. |
| Winds, | Blows. |
| Sultry, | In the heat of the day. |
| 29. Battening, | Feeding, fattening. |
| 31. Slop'd, | Turned, inclined. |
| Westering, | Tending towards the west. |
| 32. Ditties, | Rhymes, verses. |
| 33. Temper d, | Set, adapted. |
| Oaten, | Made of oat straw. |
| 34. Satyrs, | } Deities of the country, so also "Old Damœtas," |
| Fauns, | |
| 40. Gadding, | Straying, trailing, spreading. |
| 41. Mourn, | Make a mournful sound. |
| 42. Copses, | Small woods. |
| 44. Fanning, | Shaking, moving. |
| To, | To the tune of. |
| 45. Canker, | A kind of worm. |
| 46. Taint-worm, | Maggot. |
| Weanling, | Lately or just weaned. |
| 47. Wardrobe, | Contents of the wardrobe, apparel, dress. |
| 50. Remorseless, | Without remorse, merciless, pitiless. |
| 52. The steep, | Supposed to be Penmaenmawr, a mountain in Carnarvonshire. |
| 53. Famous, | Far-famed. |
| Druids, | Ancient British priests. |
| 54. Shaggy, | Covered with trees. |
| Mona, | Anglesea. |
| 55. Wizard, | Weird. |
| Deva, | The Dee. |
| 58. The muse, | Calliope. |
| 59. Enchanting, | Exerting irresistible influence, and attracting all to himself. |
| 61. Rout, | Multitude, rabble (of Thracian women who murdered the poet). |
| 62. Visage, | Head. |
| 63. Hebrus, | A river of Thrace. |
| Lesbian, | (Shore) of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea. |
| 64. Boots, | Profits. |
| 66. Strictly meditate, | Closely apply oneself to the practice (of poetry). Virg. Ecl. 1, 2. |
| Thankless, | Ungrateful, making no return for the trouble. |
| 67. Use, | Are wont, accustomed, in the habit. |
| 68. Amaryllis, | } Names of country peasants, taken from Virgil. |
| 69. Nææra, | |
| Tangles, | Cf. Hor. C. ii. 19, 19. |

70. Spur,
Clear,
73. Guerdon,
74-75. Stimulus, instigation.
Renowned, illustrious (Lat. *clarus*).
Reward, recompense.
Cf. Shakespear. King Henry VIII., Act iii.,
Scene 2. 352-358.
75. Fury,
Slits,
77. Phœbus,
Touch'd,
79. Glistening,
Foil,
80. Set off,
Broad,
82. Perfet,
84. Lastly,
85. Arethusa,
Honour'd,
86. Mincius,
87. Higher mood,
88. Oat,
89. The herald,
90. In Neptune's plea,
Neptune,
91. Felon,
93. Of,
94. Beaked,
95. Story,
96. Hippotades,
97. Dungeon,
98. Level brine,
99. Sisters,
101. In the eclipse,
102. Sacred,
103. Camus,
Footing,
104. Sedge,
- Fate. The three Fates were Clotho, Lachesis,
and Atropos; the last is here meant.
Cuts, severs.
A surname of Apollo ('the Bright.')
- Cf.* Virg. Ecl. vi. 3; Hor. C. iv. 15. 1, 2.
Sparkling.
Tinsel.
Shown up, exhibited.
Wide-spread.
Perfect, complete, that cannot be improved.
Finally, at last.
A fountain near Syracuse, in which city Theocritus lived.
Ennobled by flowing near the birth-place of Virgil.
A river of Venetia, on the banks of which Virgil was born.
Loftier strain.
My 'rural ditty temper'd to the oaten flute'
(lines 32, 33.)
Triton.
To hold an inquiry by the order, and on behalf of, Neptune.
The god of the sea.
Fell, cruel, fierce, ruthless.
Having. (Like Lat. genitive or ablative of quality).
Pointed, projecting, jutting out.
Subject of inquiry.
Another name for Æolus, (son of Hippotes) god of the winds.
Cf. Virg. Æn. i. 54.
Unruffled surface of the sea.
The rest of the Nereids, of whom Panope was one.
Eclipses were believed to forebode misfortune.
Cf. Thuc. i. 23.
Perhaps alluding to the profession for which Lycidas was designed.
The Cam personified. This is the river on which Cambridge is situated.
Walking, stepping, treading.
Coarse grass, flags.

105. Sanguine, Blood-red, crimson.
 Flower, The hyacinth. Ovid. Met. xiii. 394-398.
107. Pledge, Child. Cf. Livy. ii. 1.
111. Amain, With strength or firmness.
112. Mitred, Enclosed in a mitre, or episcopal crown.
 Stern, Sternly.
114. Anow, Enough. (properly the plural of 'enough.')
- For their bellies' Cf. Rom. xvi. 18., Phil. iii. 19.
 sake,
116. Reck'ning, Account, calculation.
119. Blind mouths, Blind guides given up to gluttony and excess.
120. Else, Besides.
122. What recks it, What matters it to (them) ?
- Sped, Successful ; provided for. Cf. Judges v. 30.
123. List, Choose, like.
- Flashy, Tawdry.
124. Scrannel, Worthless, poor, mean. (The sounds of the words in this line are made to suit the sense).
126. Draw, Imbibe, inhale.
127. Contagion, Infection, pestilence. Cf. Pope's Homer's Iliad i. 11.
128. Wolf, False teachers. Cf. St. Matthew vii. 15.; Acts xx. 29.
129. Apace, Rapidly. Cf. 'Amain,' 'Afield.'
130. Two-handed, Two-edged. See Rev. i. 16 ; ii. 12 ; xix. 15.
- Engine, Sword.
- At the door, Close at hand. Cf. St. Matthew xxiv. 33 ; James v. 9.
131. Once, Once for all. Cf. Jude 3.
132. Alpheus, A river of Arcadia, said to flow under the sea from the Peloponnese and join the fountain of Arethusa. (See line 85).
133. Shrunk, Contracted.
135. Bells, Flowers of bell-shape.
 Flowrets, Little flowers.
136. Use, Frequent. Probably connected with the meaning 'to be wont,' 'to be accustomed' (to be).
138. Swart, Black. Here 'blackening,' 'making black,' 'withering.'
- Sparely, Seldom.
139. Quaint enamelled, Nicely coloured ; or oddly coloured.
- Eyes, The centre of the blossom.
140. Suck, Extract moisture, draw in.
- Honied, Sweet.
141. Purple, Colour with purple.
- Vernal, Of the spring.
142. Rath, Early.
- Forsaken, Neglected, deserted.

144. Freakt, Freckled, speckled, spotted.
 145. Glowing, Highly-coloured.
 146. Well-attir'd, Well covered with foliage, thick.
 148. Embroidery, Variegated fringe or edging.
 149. Amaranthus, Never-fading flowers personified.
 Shed, Cast, scatter, let fall.
 150. Cups, Cf. 'Bells' (line 135).
 151. Laureat, Strewn with laurel.
 Hearse, Grave.
 153. Frail, Weak, erring.
 Dally, Trifle.
 Surmise, Fancy, supposition, imagination, notion.
 155. Wash, This word is applicable to 'seas,' but not to 'shores.' The figure is called Zeugma. Cf. Virg. *Æn.* iv. 131, 132.
 156. Hebrides, A group of islands off the west coast of Scotland, often visited by violent storms and tempests.
 157. Whelming, Overwhelming. Cf. Hor. C. i. 2, 11.
 158. Monstrous, Inhabited by monsters. Cf. Hor. C. i. 2, 6; i. 3, 18.
 159. Moist, Tearful.
 Vows, Supplications.
 160. Fable of, Fabled.
 Bellerus, Fictitious name of a Cornish giant. Bellerium was the ancient name of the Land's End.
 161. Vision, Genius, ghost, spirit.
 Guarded, Protected by rocks, craggy.
 162. Namancos, An ancient town of Spain, near Cape Finisterre.
 Bayona was a castle near it.
 Hold, Fastness, fortress. 1 Sam. xxiii. 14, 29.
 163. Angel, St. Michael.
 Ruth, Pity, compassion.
 164. Dolphins, The story of Arion and the dolphins is told in Her. i. 24.
 165. No more, It has been remarked that in reading this line the accent on the first 'no more' is on the "no" in the second on the 'more.' Cf. with this, Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 44; Hom. *Il.* v. 31, 455.
 166. Sorrow, The object of your sorrow (the abstract used for the concrete). Cf. Ov. *Trist.* iii. 3, 73.
 168. Day-star, Star of day, the sun. Cf. Tibullus ii. 1, 47.
 169. Anon, Quickly, soon. St. Matth. xiii. 20; St. Mark i. 20.
 Repairs, Raises again.
 170. Tricks, Decorates, adorns.
 New-spangled, Freshly glittering.
 Ore, Metal; here gold.

173. Walked the waves, St. Matth. xiv. 25 ; St. Mark vi. 48 ; St. John vi. 19.
175. Oozy, Muddy, slimy.
176. Unexpressive, Inexpressible, that cannot be expressed.
Nuptial song, Song at the marriage of the Lamb. See Rev. xix. 7 ; xxi. 2, 9.
177. Blest kingdoms Cf. 'Sad occasion dear' (line 6).
meek,
179. Societies, Companies.
181. Wipe the tears, Cf. Rev. vii. 17 ; xxi. 4 ; Isaiah xxv. 8.
184. Good, Propitious. Cf. Virg. Ecl. v. 64 ; Æn. xii. 647.
186. Uncouth, Awkward, rustic, rough.
Rills, Small brooks.
188. Stops, Apertures, holes.
Quills, Oaten pipes. (See line 33).
189. Doric, So called because the most ancient pastoral poetry was written in that dialect.
190. Stretch'd out, Passed beyond.
192. Twitch'd, Girded up, gathered round him.
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